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Campaign Document, No. 19.

CAMPAIGN SONGS.

The "World's" Campaign Songs, No. 1.

The Cry is, "Mac, my Darling."

AIR—"*Oh, my Nora Creina, dear.*"

Mac, my darling, proud I am
To hear that you've been nominated;
Last we met at Antietam,
Where you the rebel might abated.
In the seven days' fight I stood
Beside you on the hills and meadows,
And while our brave boys poured their blood
We knew your heart was throbbing with us!
Oh, my captain, dear and true, [you
The coward tongues that would ignore
Are base as false — thank Heaven they are few!
Your soldiers trust you and adore you.

Abe may crack his jolly jokes
O'er bloody fields of stricken battle,
While yet the ebbing life-tide smokes
From men that die like butchered cattle;
He, ere yet the guns grow cold,
To pimps and pets may crack his stories;
Your name is of the grander mould,
And linked with all our brightest glories!
Oh, my general, dear and true,
The lying tongues that would defame you,
Are base as false — thank Heaven they are few!
For as our chosen chief we claim you.

They say — these dogs of churlish heart,
Who never heard a bullet whistle —
You'd let the Union drift apart
Like down-flakes from a shaking thistle;
They say, oh captain — but the words
Stick in our throats — we can't adjust 'em'
But lift to Heaven our dinted swords,
And answer only this: "We trust him!"
Yes, oh friend of rights and laws,
Despite the sneers of fool or craven,
Where hearts beat highest for the cause,
You have your home, your shrine and haven!
With patient toil and pitying breast
You sought your soldiers' blood to treasure,
Nor ever tried the cruel test,
How much we could endure to measure.
They feared you, for they saw our love;
To win success they would not let you;
But while the white stars shine above,
The boys you led will ne'er forget you!
Yes, oh captain! loved and true,
Desert you — we would perish rather;
Thank Heaven the hearts are not a few
That call you brother, friend and father!

FIRST DIVISION, SECOND ARMY CORPS,
IN FIELD, September 5.

The "World's" Campaign Songs, No. 2.

The Veteran's Story.

"Crack! crack! went the rifles, and sharper each crack:
We heard a quick gallop — up rode little Mac.
'Twas 'Forward, my lads!' We went in with a dash;
There was cheer upon cheer, then a volleying crash,
A rush, a blind tumult, a shattering peal,
A thundered 'Charge bayonets!' the clash of cold steel,
A sharp, sudden pang, and, still clutching my gun,
As I fainted, I heard a 'Hurrah, boys! they run!'"

So the old veteran spoke, and forgetting how much
His lame leg would pain him, he flourished his crutch;
The twinge stopped him short, and across his scarred face
There wrinkled a something, half smile, half grimace.

"Had you seen," he went on, "our young general when
He heard rolling round him the shouts of his men.
He shut up his field-glass, and let the reins fall,
And wiped his hot brow, and looked round on us all.

I shall never f'rget the proud glance of his eye,
His smile of calm triumph his bearing so high,
But it all faded out as he saw where I lay;
('Twas a bayonet-thrust made me this cripple they say),
And he spoke, his voice choking," (the vet-'ran's did too),
"'My brave lad, I wish I could bear it for you.'
Do you wonder," he cried, and looked down at his limb,
"If I'd twenty to give I would give them for him?"

The "World's" Campaign Songs, No. 3.

McClellan the Brave.

AIR—"*Columbia the Gem of the Ocean.*"

What means this exciting commotion?
What means all this rallying of men?
And those shouts like the roar of old ocean —
Hark! we hear them again and again.
'Tis an army of freemen uprising,
Our birthrights from tyrants to save;
An army with banners and torches,
And our leader, McClellan the brave.

CHORUS.

Our leader McClellan the brave,
Our leader McClellan the brave:
An army with banners and torches,
And our leader McClellan the brave.

II.

Shout our war-cry wherever your voices
Can proclaim to the world where we stand,
And tell that a nation rejoices
That her day of redemption's at hand.
Let the friends of the UNION now muster,
The life of that UNION to save;
Not a star shall fade out of the cluster
If We're led by McClellan the brave.

CHORUS.

If we're led by McClellan the brave,
If we're led by McClellan the brave,
Not a star shall fade out of the cluster
If we're led by McClellan the brave.

III.

We have suffered in silence and sorrow,
Till our patience is quite worn away;
And we pray for the light of to-morrow, —
The dawn of our victory's day.
From the East and the West we are coming,
Forever our banner shall wave,
Defiance we bid to our foemen,
As we march with McClellan the brave.

CHORUS.

As we march with McClellan the brave,
As we march with McClellan the brave,
Defiance we bid to our foemen
As we march with McClellan the brave.

IV.

Rise up in your might, oh, ye patriots!
Fling the banner of faith to the air;
And wherever the fray shall be fiercest,
And success the most doubtful — *be there!*
Be firm in the right and unflinching,
Determined your country to save;
Make the world ring with shouts for the Union,
And hurrah for McClellan the brave

CHORUS.

Hurrah for McClellan the brave,
Hurrah for McClellan the brave,
Make the world rtng with shouts for the Union,
And hurrah for McClellan the brave.

The "World's" Campaign Songs, No. 4.

Voice of the Army.

AIR—"*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.*"

NO WORD AGAINST LINCOLN, BUT ALL ITS SOUL FOR "LITTLE MAC."

Comrades of the tented field,
Who the flag would never yield,
Making of your hearts a shield
Where the pennon flew;—
Men who have, with steady breath,
Rushed on lines of blazing death,
Thus a wounded brother saith:—
"To yourselves be true!"

Faithful to the Nation's Chief,
Work he bliss or work he grief,
Till the hour of just relief
When our votes we fling;
If he err, not ours to heed;
If he err, 'tis ours to bleed;
This the soldier's simple creed,
And to this we cling!

But, at length the hour is here
When, with soldier-conscience clear,
We in judgment may appear
On his hateful thrall.
Past respect for his high place
Bids us only veil the face,
Shrinking back from the disgrace,
Sad and silent all!

Turn, oh comrades of the tent,
Of the flag with bullets rent,
Of the field with blood besprent,
Turn to brighter skies!
See, with soldier brow and hand,
Sympathizing, calm, and grand,
Chosen Chief of all the Land,
Our own McClellan rise!

Let no ribald king or clown
Lie away our Chief's renown.
Strike the coward scoffers down,
Teach them what they are!
Bats and owlets dread the dawn,
Cowards, plunderers — all the spawn
Far from our dread work withdrawn —
Strive his way to bar.

Vain their efforts, brother tried,
Sharer of our woe and pride,
"Little Mac," our friend and guide,
Our watchword and our star!
Hail him, drums, with glad alarms,
Hail him with your fiery charms
All the din of battling arms:
Ye his music are!

Chesnut Hill, United States General Hospital,
Philadelphia, September 17, 1864.

The "World's" Campaign Songs, No. 5.

The Hour and the Man.

Air — "*The Bonnets of Bonny Dundee.*"

I.

When the blackness of war overshadowed the land,
The youthful McClellan was called to command.
As he belted his sabre, and sprang on his steed,
'Twas Scott, the brave veteran, who bade him God-speed.

CHORUS.

Come fill up the cup, and come fill up the can,
And cheer! for the hour has come, and the man;
Our gallant young hero we've placed on the track,
And we'll seat in the White House our brave little Mac.

II.

Says Mac to his soldiers — "Strike down the armed foe,
"But to wounded and prisoners all gentleness show;
When the battle is over let violence cease, —
Remember we fight but for Union and Peace."

CHORUS.

III.

There were foemen before him and foes in his rear, —
In front of him Richmond; but Washington near, —
For Lee and Old Abe were in rivalry then, —
Lee killing, old Abraham stealing his men.

CHORUS.

IV.

How the army was saved — by what miracles wrought,
Ask the soldiers who under McClellan have fought;
How they felt when he lost his command, and again
When he galloped once more at the head of his men.

CHORUS.

V.

South Mountain, Antietam, encircled his name
With a halo as bright as the dawn's ruddy flame;
'Twas then — when his praises rang over the land,
Old Abra'm removed the young chief from command.

CHORUS.

VI.

The people have patiently bided their time,
To brand with their verdict the infamous crime;
In the joker's own coinage the debt we'll pay back —
Walk out Mr. Lincoln — walk in little Mac.

CHORUS.

Come fill up the cup, and come fill up the can,

And cheer! for the hour has come, and the man;
Our gallant young hero we've placed on the track,
And we'll seat in the White House our brave little Mac.

The "World's" Campaign Songs, No. 6.

Soon We'll Have the Union Back.

AIR—"*The Hunter of Kentucky.*"

Good people all both great and small,
I sing a tale of pity;
My hand I fling across the string,
And waken up the ditty;
A ruined land that once was grand,
Is not a joking matter—
Though Abe we know, the more our woe,
The more his jokes he'll chatter!
Oh, McClellan,
Georgie B. McClellan,
Shall we have the Union back?
Tell us "Mac"—McClellan!

All evil sure we could endure,
Thrice all the ills we suffer,
Could we but glance on any chance
Our Union to recover.
There gleams one way, a flash of day,
But one bright bow of promise,
Good Lord, alack! just give us "Mac,"
And take Abe Lincoln from us!
Oh, McClellan,
Georgie B. McClellan.
The one to bring the Union back
Is only "Mac"—McClellan.

Then not a rag of our old Flag
Should ever part asunder!
"Fair terms of peace if you will cease—
If not, we'll give you thunder!"
A million swords to back our words
Beneath McClellan gleaming,
And soon, ye know, Jeff D. and Co.
For France they would be steaming!
Oh, McClellan,
Georgie B. McClellan,
Soon we'll have our prisoners back
Under "Mac"—McClellan.

The people all, both great and small,
Except the sons of Shoddy,
Are on the track for "Little Mac"—
They're with him soul and body;
For well they know the nation's woe
Can never be abated
Till in command of all the land
Our Chief we have instated!
Oh, McClellan,
Georgie B. McClellan,
The Union will come leaping back
Under "Mac"—McClellan.

The "World's" Campaign Songs, No. 7.

God Save our Noble Land.

AIR—"*America.*"

God save our noble land,
From Treason's two-edged brand
Drawn to devour!
From fierce Rebellion's rage,
Matchless on History's page;
God save our heritage
By his high power.

From equal woe of lust,
That treads into the dust
Our league of State;
That, ruling, breaks the law,
And, fighting, blackens war;
God save us from its maw
Insatiate!

O, God! we're wroth to feel
The rasp of Faction's heel
On Freedom's neck!
Nor shudder less to know
How those we trusted so,
To thwart, with right, the foe,
Our fond hopes wreck!

Save, then, our fathers' God!
The land our fathers' trod
With trust in thee.
Thou gavest them a chief,
Oh! send us, too, relief;
And let the reign be brief,
Of Tyranny.

Our fathers' George was Thine;
In him Thy light did shine
On Freedom's flag.
Their sons two Georges trust,
Oh! make them strong and just,
And let them to the dust
All factions drag!

The "World's" Campaign Songs, No. 8.

War Democratic View of McClellan's Nomination.

"He will immediately take steps to bring about a cessation of hostilities."—*Chicago Platform.*

CORPORAL CASEY SOLUS. AIR—"*Ould Ireland, you're my Darling.*"

May I niver taste bite nor sup to-night
But I joy to hear the story,
For the Rebels 'll catch in McClellan their match,
An' we'll soon have "payce" wid glory!
Such "steps" he will take as 'll make 'em awake
To a sinse of their situation,
An' wid thrayson dead on a bloody bed
Of the war we shall have a "cessation!"

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS. AIR: "*Yankee Doodle.*"

That's the kind of talk for us,
That's the peace we covet;—
Treason dead on a bloody bed,
And our starry flag above it!

CORPORAL CASEY AS BEFORE:

Little Mac's the man wid a wholesome plan
For an airly "payce" attainin',—
Wid threble might to purshue the fight
Decisive triumphs gainin'!
We do hate and abhor every form 'o war,
We but fight for con-ciliation,
An' wid thrayson dead on a bloody bed
Of the war we shall have a "cessation!"

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS AS BEFORE:

That's the kind of talk for us,
That's the peace we covet,—
Treason dead on a bloody bed,
And the stars and stripes above it!

CORPORAL CASEY AS BEFORE:

Och! The hour is nigh to see them fly
In wild confusion scatthered,
From their broken lines, an' their murdherin' mins,
An' their earthwork torn an' tatthered!
Wid a fiery brand in wan stout hand,
And an olive branch in the other,—
They will all come back undher "Little Mac,"
An' we'll have an end o' the bother!

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS AS BEFORE:

That comes home to the southern heart,
That's the way to strike it,—
"The brand in hand if you still withstand,
The olive branch if you like it!"

The "World's" Campaign Songs, No. 9.

We subjoin what we believe to be the first campaign song ever written in behalf of the Democratic nominee for President. It was composed early in the August of 1861, immediately after the first Bull Run, and when General McClellan was first called to save our endangered national capital from capture. It is valuable as giving what was then the army feeling, and feeling of the country; and its allusion to McClellan's early and very important victories in West Virginia will be read with interest. The song, we may add, is not original in our columns, having achieved wide popularity in army circles more than three years ago:—

"There's no such Word as Fail, Boys."

BY ONE OF THE RANK AND FILE.

AIR—"*The Low-backed Car.*"

McDowell's day is over—
A true and gallant man,
With a heart as big as a bullock's heart,
But wanting a head to plan;
Now brighter hours are dawning,
And brighter hopes me hail;
For with young McClellan to lead our lines,
There's no such word as fail!
There's no such word as fail, boys;
There's no such word as fail!
For with young McClellan to lead our lines,
There's no such word as fail!

No fault against McDowell,
No blame have we to urge,
He wasn't a red-tape martinet,
That soldiers pest and scourge!
Warm-hearted was McDowell,
His courage proof of mail,—
But he did belong to that luckless class
Who do know how to fail:
Who do know how to fail, boys,
As witness all our men;
But with young McClellan to lead our lines,
We'll try the game again!

Virginia's western counties
Resound McClellan's name,
Philippi, Grafton, Romney are
The first-fruits of his fame;
And soon the lurid halo
Of the rebel flag shall pale,
For McClellan belongs to the chosen class
Who don't know how to fail!
Who don't know how to fail boys,
Who won't know how to fail,
Who couldn't be taught at whatever price,
The will or the way to fail.

So burnish up your weapons, boys,
And keep your powder dry,
Bull Run will have done us a deal of good
When next the same we try;
One fair, square chance but give us, boys,
And you'll see the rebels quail;
For our leader is now of the chosen class,
Who don't know how to fail!
Who don't know how to fail, boys,
Who won't know how to fail,
And who cannot be taught at whatever price,
The will or the way to fail!

The "World's" Campaign Songs, No. 10.

The New Yankee Doodle.

Brothers East, and brothers West,
Blent in true communion,
Loving peace, but loving best —
And evermore — the UNION!
Little Mac and trusty Pen —
Names we join so handy —
They shall be our banner men,
Yankee doodle dandy!

We have got a work to do,
For this Yankee nation;
And we mean to put it through
Spite of all creation!
Little Mac, &c.

We by wit, and toil, and skill,
Must save our starry banner;
And, by George and Pen! we will,
In the neatest manner.
Little Mac, &c.

Columbia bids us free her flag
From a double treason,
Flaunting South, a bastard rag,
North, a mask of reason.
Little Mac, &c.

Far and wide, War's horrid brand
Sways its red dominion;
We must sheathe it, and our hand
Loose the Dove's white pinion
Little Mac, &c.

We must bring our brothers back
Erring but repenting,
Opening to them Honor's track,
And from Hate relenting.
Little Mac, &c.

In our hands averted swords,
No less keen for sheathing,
And upon our lips kind words,
Peace and Union breathing.
Little Mac, &c.

We have had enough of wool,
Quite too much of shoddy;
We must break up Lincoln's school
With — "Exit Everybody!"
Little Mac, &c.

Little Mac will take the chair,
And prove the better teacher;
Doing justice everywhere —
As bids the Sacred Preacher.
Little Mac, &c.

Swords to ploughshares shall be turned,
And bullets into ballots;
And, evermore, the counsel spurned,
Both North and South — of Zealots!
Little Mac, &c.

O brothers, let us falter not
Nor of a doubt be tellin';
All other watchwords be forgot —
In "Union and McClellan!"
Little Mac, &c.

Our foes in Lincoln green are clad,
But we in Truth's blue armor;
They with the lust of Power are mad,
But Right's our only charmer.
Little Mac, &c.

Yet a month, and little mere,
All their hordes shall perish;
While we cheer, from shore to shore,
The Georges both we cherish.
Little Mac and trusty Pen,
Names we join so handy;
They shall be our banner men —
Yankee doodle dandy!

The "World's" Campaign Songs, No. 11.

Union and Peace.

Air — "*America.*"

My Country! from thy woes,
From all thy gathering foes,
There comes release!
Yon banner wide is flung;
Behold its folds among,
Words breathed by every tongue —
Union and Peace.

The Jester jests in state,
The Zealot gluts his hate,
And spoils the land.
They hear the orphan's cry,
The parent's saddening sigh,
The widow's wail float by,
Yet mocking stand.

What care they that distress, —
That woe and want oppress
A people free?
Free thought they seek to kill;
Prisons with victims fill;
With haughty, lawless will,
Crush Liberty.

Their reckoning day draws nigh:
Aye! Hear the people cry
Trickster away!
Corruption, weakness, guile,
Misrule and malice vile —
A nation's bane long while,
Give place to-day.

Aye! thunder forth the shout!
Aye! fling the banner out
Which tyrants shun,
Our Constitution free;
McClellan, Liberty,
And let the chorus be,
THE UNION WON.

Then bear our banner high;
The Union saved — we cry
Let warring cease!
Our Rally-cry shall be, —
Speech, press, and ballot free;
McClellan, Liberty,
Union, and Peace.

For the Journal of Commerce.

McClellan and Union.

In the day of our peril, the day of our need,
When our banner droops low o'er the blood-reddened plain,
See! the hero McClellan steps forward to lead
Our nation disheartened to glory again.
The UNION his watchword; the Union of old,
To our patriot fathers more precious than gold,
Our own sacred birthright, by counsel or sword,
The Union—it must and it shall be restored!

Too long have fanatics, more zealous than brave,
The fires of dissension and anarchy fanned,
And traitors, loud heralded *loyal*, but gave
Fresh food to the flames that were wasting the land,
They mocked at the blood that so nobly was shed,
And the warnings forgot of our patriot dead;
And when in defiance the Southron uprose,
For *conquest* they eagerly rushed on their foes.

Yes, false was the war-note they sounded, when first
"To arms for the Union," was heard thro' the land,
Already for conquest and vengeance athirst,
Their reign o'er the ruins of Union was planned.
Their pretence to sever the African's chain,
For this they would fling to the winds, as in vain,
The rights that our forefathers perished to save,
And see Anarchy triumph o'er Liberty's grave.

From the fields of the slain, from the desolate land,
With the dark cloud of tyranny hovering nigh,
A leader, a hero, the people demand,
Who will dare for his country to do or to die.
One with wisdom to plan, and with strength to abide
By the counsels which genius and courage have tried,
Who will lead back our country to glory and power —
God bless our McClellan — the man for the hour!

McClellan the patriot, whose record shines pure,
Unstained and unchanged from the first to the last;
Serene in his triumph, or calm to endure
The arrows which envy and calumny cast.
McClellan the warrior! whose deeds and whose fame,
No song and no trumpet have need to proclaim —
Ah! thousands of brave men, in battle's hot breath,
'Neath the glance of his eye would cheer on to the death.

McClellan and Union! let this be our cry,
And the reign of the despot and traitor shall cease;
A nation shall lift up our standard on high,
And rejoice in the dawning of triumph and peace.
McClellan and Union! In God is our trust —
This temple of Liberty cannot be dust:
Our own sacred birthright — by counsel or sword —
The UNION it must and it WILL be restored!

Our Captive Soldiers.

A UNION SOLDIER TO SECRETARY STANTON.

Twenty-five acres of homestead, —
Meadow, orchard, and spring, —
And amid the laden fruit trees
The voices of song-birds ring.
Where the rippling stream glides lightly
By the fields of rustling corn,
And the winter hearth shines ruddy
When the summer days are gone.

I left that dear old homestead,
In the North, to join the fight;
To brighten our country's honor,
Or die to set her right.
To fight 'mid the smoke and rattle
Where the deadly bullets hiss,
To find a death in battle,
But not such a death as this.

Twenty-five acres of mire,
Cut by a filthy trench;
Stumps, and swamps, and brier;
Vermin, offal, and stench.
Through that black ditch is crawling
The drainings of a sink
Rippled with living corruption,
And this we have to drink!

Thirty thousand wretches
People this region infernal; —
Fathers, brothers, husbands,
In misery seeming eternal!

Twenty-five acres of white men!
(Oh, happier those who fell!)
Whenever new-comers enter,
They whisper, "Is this hell?"

Naked, with nothing to shelte
Against the hot sun's ray;
Hungering, wasting, starving;
Dying a hundred a day.

Horrors no tongue can utter;
Horrors of which could boast
No Black Hole of Calcutta,
No pen on the African coast.

Oh! you who have brought us to it,
And left us in our despair,
(No hope of exchange or succor,)
As you sit in your cushioned chair,
Think what will be *your* portion
In future, — not one of bliss!
To-morrow *I'll* cross the "dead line,"
And make an end to this.

THE STOCKADE PRISON,
ANDERSONVILLE, Ga.

"Traitors, Clear the Track."

BY WALTER 'ANONYM.

AIR — "*Scots wha hae.*"

[From The Boston Post.]

Democrats! whom Jackson led,
Whigs! with Webster at your head,
Forward, with elastic tread:
'Tis a common cause.
Come, united heart and hand,
To redeem our cherished land,
By the Noble "Union" stand,
And our sacred Laws.

By the cursed "free-soil" fraud,
By those specious lies abroad,
Shout we now, with one accord,
Union! — "Little Mac!"
O'er each valley, lake, and dell,
Where a patriot's soul doth dwell,
Shall the thrilling chorus swell:
"Traitors, clear the track!"

See! the eagle from his crag
Leaps, to greet the Union flag;
Who would falter now, or lag
At his Country's call?
Up! the time is flying fast!
List, McClellan's bugle blast!
Up! restore the glorious past!
Forward, one and all!

By our youthful heroes' graves
Strewn where'er the "Old Flag" waves,
Ne'er shall Abolition knaves
Rule our land again.
Purge the land of every trace
Of the sordid, hireling race:
Every mark and line efface
Of the loathsome stain.

We shall need no "sobriquet"
To excite our ranks to-day;
Peace and glory lead the way,
No more spur we back.
On our glorious banner, see!
Union! Laws! *true Liberty!*
Thirty millions of the free!
"Traitors, clear the track!"

Not the Chieftain from the wars,
Red with blood, and rough with scars,
Not the ghastly son of Mars
Do we honor now;
But the patriot, brave and bold,
Unsubdued and uncontrolled,
With the "Old Flag's" tattered fold
Wreathed around his brow.

Dally not! the hour draws near,
'Tis the time for *faith*, not fear:
Steadily the "Old Ship" steer
Through the stormy rack.
O'er each valley, lake, and dell,
Where a patriot's soul doth dwell,
Let the thrilling chorus swell:
"Traitors, clear the track!"

Rally round McClellan.

A PARODY BY BOZ.

AIR — "*Battle Cry of Freedom.*"

Yes, we'll rally round McClellan, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Union.
And we'll rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle-cry of Union.

CHORUS.

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!

Down with Abe Lincoln, up with the star;
While we rally round McClellan, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Union.

We are springing to the call of our brothers dear and brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of Union.
And we'll aid them with our votes our country now to save,
Shouting the battle-cry of Union.

CHORUS.

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with Abe Lincoln, up with the star;
While we rally round McClellan, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Union.

We will welcome to our numbers all loyal men and true,
Shouting the battle-cry of Union.
Who will never with their hands in their brothers' blood imbrue,
Shouting the battle cry of Union.

CHORUS.

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with Abe Lincoln, up with the star;
While we rally round McClellan, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Union.

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle cry of Union.
For McClellan is the man we have loved the best,
Shouting the battle-cry of Union.

CHORUS.

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with Abe Lincoln, up with the star;
While we rally round McClellan, boys; rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Union.

McClellan, the Pride of the Nation.

DEDICATED TO THE KEYSTONE CLUB, PHILADELPHIA.

AIR — "*The Red, White, and Blue.*"

McClellan, the pride of the Nation!
Our hearts and our voices unite
To hail our country's salvation,
And rejoice in the triumph of right.

The people already have spoken,
Proclaimed him the man of their choice,
The rod of the despot is broken,
And every true heart must rejoice.
Then, hurrah for the man of our choice;
Three cheers for the chief of our choice,
The people already have spoken,
McClellan's the man of our choice.

The gloom which so long has hung o'er us,
Will vanish and soon disappear;
And a radiant future before us,
The heart of the nation will cheer,
As of old, ere foul treason assailed it,
The banner of Union shall wave, —
The hope of the millions who hailed it, —
The flag of the free and the brave.
Hurrah for the free and the brave,
The flag of the free and the brave,
The hope of the millions who hailed it,
The flag of the free and the brave.

With McClellan the Chief of the Nation,
The Union of old he'll restore,
And give us an administration
Of Justice and Honor once more.
The Arch of the Union unbroken, —
Its Keystone as firm as of old;
Yes, the people already have spoken,
The triumph of right is foretold.
Then hurrah for the man of our choice!
Three cheers for the Chief of our choice,
The people already have spoken,
McClellan's the man of our choice.

McClellan Campaign Song.

Hark! hear ye the bugle that rouses the people
To save this great nation from ruin and shame?
Whose loud notes are ringing o'er hill and o'er valley,
Proclaiming our faith in McClellan's proud name.
Then up with our banner! Our gallant young leader
Is our best and our bravest — His deeds are our fame.

No jokes from his lips when the whole land is sodden
With the blood that has burst from the hearts of our braves;
When the face of our country, 'neath the hot breath of battles
Where our heroes have struggled, is blistered to graves.

Then up with our banner! Emblazoned upon it,
"We'll give to the country the man that she craves."

He will carry the flag he has led on to battle, —
Not a star would he tear from its broad field of blue;
The flag that 'mid sorrows, privations, and troubles,
O'er the heads of our Fathers triumphantly flew.
Then up with our banner! Our hero and statesman
Can conquer all storms that fanatics can brew.

We don't label him "honest," experience teaches
That trumpeting trademarks but cover deceit;
No rebuke from his lips of his senseless detractors;
His glorious record all falsehood can meet.
Then up with our banner for General McClellan!
Our hopes and our honors we throw at his feet.

He tells us no stories to suit the occasion,
When gravest of destinies balance the scale;
He acts like a man and he talks like a statesman,
Though we never yet heard of his "splitting a rail."
Then up with our banner for George B. McClellan!
With him as our leader, say, how can we fail?

History of the Rise and Fall of the Irrepressible Conflict.

AIR — "*Villikens and his Dinah.*"

There was an old joker in Springfield did dwell,
He wandered all over his stories to tell;
He joked irrepressibly by night and by day,
Till his smutty jokes drove decent people away.

(*Spoken* — Chorus for the smutty joker and the Ohio clergymen.)

Ri tu ral, ri tu ral, ri tu ral li da,
Ri tu ral, ri tu ral, ri tu ral li da,
Ri tu ral, ri tu ral, ri tu ral li da,
Ri tu ral, ri tu ral, ri tu ral li da.

Lonely he sat in his rickety chair,
His pockets was empty, his table was bare,
Says he, "I have joked all my fortune away,
I will starve if I don't find some joke that will pay."

(*Spoken* — Chorus for the joker looking for something to turn up.)

Ri tu ral, &c.

He put on his hat, to the street he did go;
Through the highways and byways he went to and fro;
He hunted and squinted through high and through low,
Till all at last he espied a good jolly negro.

(*Spoken* — A good strong chorus for the almighty negro.)

Ri tu ral, &c.

This darky was jolly as jolly could be—
A rollicking, frollicking, darky was he;
His ears and his mouth were a musical riddle,
His leg like a drumstick, his foot like a fiddle.

(*Spoken* — chorus for the jolly nigger.)

Ri tu ral, &c.

He looked him all over from his head to his foot;
Says the joker, "I think this fellow will suit;
I have it — I have it — I see how I may
With Sambo get up a good joke that will pay."

(*Spoken* — Chorus for the inventor of the irrepressible conflict.)

Ri tu ral, &c.

So he called together the people so dear,
They mustered and rallied from far and from near;
They crowded around him one fine summer day,
To listen and learn what the joker would say.

(*Spoken* — Chorus for the first Black Republican mass-meeting.

Ri tu ral, &c.

He talked of the wrongs of the negro so loud,
Till he touched the poor tender hearts of the crowd;
He talked till he made the fools all believe,
And the joker and Sambo both laughed in their sleeve.

(*Spoken* — Chorus for the joker and Sambo, the Siamese twins.)

Ri tu ral, &c.

They sighed and they sobbed as they crowded around,
They cried till their tears ran down to the ground;
Their poor tender hearts were exceedingly sore,
They wondered they never had seen it before.

(*Spoken* — Solemcholy chorus for the weeping Wide-Awakes.)

Ri tu ral, &c.

When the joker had found what a hit he had made,
He started with Sambo a full stock in trade;
And the madmen and fools shouted loud as he went,
"The joker we'll have for our next President."

(*Spoken* — Chorus for torch-light processions.)

Ri tu ral, &c.

'Mid the smoke and the fumes of the Wide-Awake torch, —
Like the ravings of madmen in drunken debauch, —
'Mid the groans for the nigger, and the devil to pay,
They elected the joker one unlucky day.

(*Spoken* — Chorus for the rail-splitter drifted into the apex of great events, — *Lincoln to the Canadian Peace Committee.*

Ri tu ral, &c.

To the sequel we look with sad'ning eye,
While the plaints of the widow ascend to the sky,
While the tears of the orphan and blood of the slain
Point the finger of Banquo to the joker again.

(*Spoken* — We'll omit the chorus: there there is no joke in this.)

Now debt and taxation pile high up the while,
Like pyramids reared on the banks of the Nile;
While the toils of our fathers all vanish in smoke,
We begin then to see the point of the joke.

(*Spoken* — A very long chorus for shoddy and greenbacks.)

Ri tu ral, &c.

And now, my dear hearers, I'll finish my song:
There's an end to the joke, and we'll have it ere long;
When "Mac" and his legions, the people have spoke,
They'll send him to Springfield to finish the joke.

(*Spoken* — The Chorus will be sixteen good hearty cheers for Gen. McClellan.)

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

(Repeat four times.)

A Song for the Boys.

TUNE — "*Yankee Doodle.*"

Come on, my jolly boys, and sing
Of Mac and of Antietam;
The Union we shall soon restore,
The rebels — we shall beat them.

With "Little Mac" we'll make them crack,
And put them in confusion,
If they refuse to heed the laws
And mind the Constitution.

With "Little Mac" upon the track
And Pendleton beside him,
We'll beat old Abe, the basswood babe,
With Fremont, too, astride him.

Old Uncle Abe is a used up babe,
With all his jokes and toddy;
The Copperheads have seen the threads
That were not in the shoddy.

Come on my jolly boys and sing
Of "Little Mac," the victor,
We'll show old Abe he can't be king,
Nor Fremont be dictator.

The Habeas Corpus we'll restore,
And all the Constitution;
The rebels South and traitors North
Shall meet with retribution.

Hurrah! my brave old army boys,
Make haste to save the nation;
Our Mac will lead without the need
Of a comet proclamation.

Our "Little Mac" is just the man
To restore the nation's glories;
He never will on battle-field
Indulge in smutty stories.

The "loyal" leagues who go for war
For the sake of speculation,
May take the shovel or the hoe,
Or perish by starvation.

"Little Mac" upon the Track.

AIR—"*Tippecanoe and Tyler too.*"

Oh have you heard the glorious tidings
  Coming from the West?
The people are rising to a man,
And have put "Little Mac" upon the track
To drive out the radical clan,
  And "Old Abe" along with the rest—
For they will drive out the radical clan.

When he took the chair "Abe" promised fair,
  Honest to be, and true:
But he managed so badly the ship of state
That we put "Little Mac" upon the track,
And will work for him early and late;
  For we must have a pilot new—
And we'll work for Mac early and late.

They told us the war would end at least
  In sixty days;
But our burdens increase and will never cease
Till, with "Little Mac" upon the track,
We have one who can conquer a peace,
  And our flag in triumph upraise—
For "Little Mac" can conquer a peace.

The thieves will try to make us think
  Lincoln is the man;
They steal our treasure without stint or measure;
But with "Little Mac" upon the track
There will be an end to their pleasure,
  Let them plunder then if they can—
For he will put an end to their pleasure.

A needless war our souls abhor,
  But the UNION we'll maintain,
No luck we shall get with the present set;
But with "Little Mac" upon the track
There will be a change, you may bet;
  For our rulers are foolish and vain—
And there will be a change, you may bet.

They say five hundred thousand more
  The war will close;
They must go at the call like leaves to fall;
But with "Little Mac" upon the track
There will be no more drafting at all;
  For he knows how to manage our foes—
And there will be no more drafting at all.

Our gallant soldiers know very well
  Who holds them dear—
When in battle tried, who fought by their side:
And now "Little Mac" is upon the track,
With loud huzzas they will cheer;
  For "Mac" is the soldier's pride—
And with loud huzzas they will cheer.

Then let us be up and doing our work,
  The time is at hand;
Our banner is flying, and we must be trying
For "Little Mac" to keep a clear track,
For our foes will be cheating and lying;
  But on truth we will take our stand—
For there will be cheating and lying.

May God grant peace and liberty,
  Union forever and aye,
And gladden our sight with a future bright,
With an open track for good "Little Mac;"
For he will do the thing that is right
  When "Old Abe" is out of the way—
For he will do the thing that is right.

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